

"NEAR YONDER COPSE," AS GOLDSMITH WROTE.

New Jersey Has a Counter-
feit of the "Deserted
Village."

Its Name Is Herman City, and
Was Once a Manufactur-
ing Centre.

Now the Factory Is Empty, the Villas
Deserted, the Mills Silent as
the Tomb.

YET A GIRL POET LIVES THERE.

She is a Little "Schoolmarm," Daughter of
a Luckless, Stranded Hotel Keeper
Who Cannot Get
Away.

"Oh, they're just pine hawks," said
the railroad man.
It was a New Jersey railroad man, and
he seemed to know what he was talking
about.

"They go cranberryin' in the Fall, an'
shoot jack rabbits an' seel in the Winter,"
he listened to add, detecting a look of
bewilderment on the faces of his interlocu-
tors. "You had oughter got off at Atsion—
that's the last station where we stopped.
But if you change at Winslow Junction,
and take the way train to Hammonont,
you'll be within a matter of ten or twenty
miles of it. And there's two lively stables
at Hammonont."

Even Its Name Forgotten.

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heard of it round these parts," said the
hotel keeper at Hammonont. "Abandoned
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I'll walk down street and ask Monfort. He
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"Get ye down there by daylight, and back
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fort, putting his feet carefully on the table.
"Well, that road through the cranberry
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Not Inquisitive, but—
"Oh, you're not revenue men, hey? Well,
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"Just want to make pictures and find out
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there before midnight, Koster or Johnson'll
take us in for the night, and ye can make
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A window opened in the side of a gaunt
building, and a distrustful voice ejaculated:
"What's the matter?"
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"Yee-es. What do you want?"

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"We're full up; ain't got no room; no place
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Saying which, Mr. Johnson shut the win-
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Green Bank proved to be a mile back along
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tion for hospitality. Moreover, she was willing
to sit up till dawn, talking about the passing
of Herman City. Hers was a dispassionate
point of view, for whereas Herman City
dated no further back than twenty years,
she was a Crowley of Crowleville, a more
ancient barred city of the Mullica, and a
Green Bank taxpayer of thirty-five years'
standing.

There were mighty fine days, when the
glass works were going," she said. "It was
foreign capital did it—Joseph Wapler & Co.
was the name of the firm, and they spent
\$300,000 on the factory and plant. All them
fine homes that you'll see when the light
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"And why couldn't it last, Aunt Becky?"
Aunt Becky's Theory.

"Well, there's different reasons given.
Some say it was because there was too
much competition in the glass making at
bigger seaports. But I always believed it
was because of Koster's place. You see, he
came down here with the boom, and started
a hotel. The men at the glass works got to
going there and cutting up shins, and that
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had sunk everything they had there and
were caught like muskrats in a trap. And
now, from being wealthy people, they're
just pinheaders, and nothing more.

"But, hey! It was a nice city, child,
when the glass works were a-going. I had
eighteen boarders here at one time—such
like young fellows as you ever seen, in New
York or anywhere else. And the Mullica
River was just full of shipping then, where
you don't never see so much as an old
hopper now."

What Dawn Revealed.

And indeed the Mullica looked quite im-
posing and well worthy of a better fate,
when dawn sent a cold, pale radiance
stealing across the water. There was not
a mast to be mirrored there, but there was
a great building, with empty window
sockets staring, like some kind of idiot,
at the desolation of the stream. The pile
was dignified by a vast lawn, which reared
itself from the severe outline of the brick
mass. Unlike the ruins of foundation, there
was no touch of beauty on this ruin of
industrialism, but it had a sinister mel-
ancholy all its own.

Johnson's collar buckled, Koster's pointer
howled, and Aunt Becky's Shuangli rooster
crowed deliciously. Johnson glanced lazily
toward the milking shed, Koster cleared
his gun for a day's shooting, and Aunt
Becky wrung the neck of a fat chicken.
But there was no sign or sound from the
villas, the cottages, the boarding houses
or the stores of Herman City. Even when
the air peeped crimson over the bogs they
gave forth no answering gleam, for their
window panes had long since gone to sup-
ply the wants of the Koster and the
Johnsons and the other waifs of a forgotten
civilized parentage. Not so much as a mouse
stirred across the rotten flooring of those
nests of solitude.

Best and Brightest in Town.

But Koster's biggest girl—the most hu-

manly of them—she was a girl of fifteen,
a little schoolmarm, daughter of a luck-
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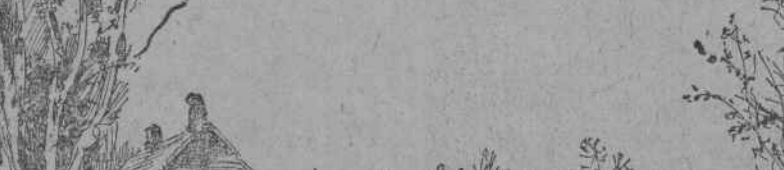
"AN ALTAR OF VANISHED CHILDHOOD"



THE OLD GLASS WORKS



THE DESERTED VILLAGE



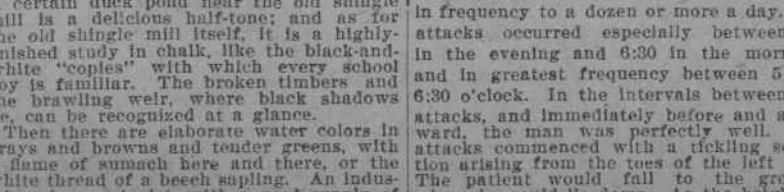
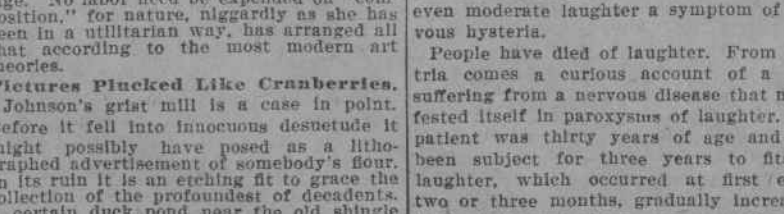
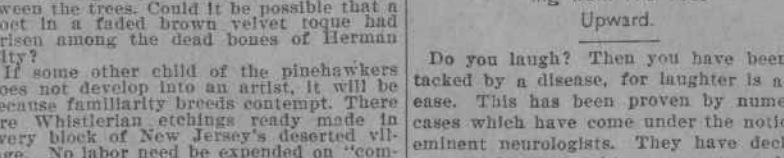
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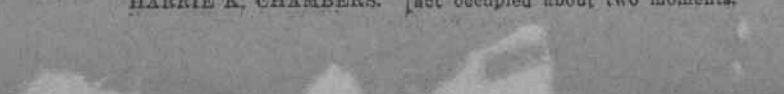
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NEARLY A MILLION WENT TO HORSEMEN.

Racing Season in New York
State Netted \$822,471 to
Thoroughbred Owners.

Many Valuable Stables Curtailed
and the Season Not So Prof-
itable as in Former Years.

Money Evenly Distributed, Exactly 234
Owners Dividing the Purses
Hung Up.

EARLY PROMISES NOT FULFILLED.

Not One of the "Big" Stables Had Any-
where Near the Success the Spring
Prospects Would Have Justified
One in Predicting.

The statistician who has taken the pains to
estimate the amount of money distrib-
uted during the past season among owners
who have raced horses on courses under the
jurisdiction of the Jockey Club finds that
more than four-fifths of a million dollars—
in exact figures, \$822,471—have been dis-
tributed from April 18, when the meeting at
Bennings, D. C., began, and to including
November 3, when the Morris Park meet-
ing wound up racing in this State. Six
racing associations alone are responsible
for the distribution of this enormous sum,
viz.: The Washington Jockey Club, Queens
County Jockey Club, Westchester Racing
Association, Brooklyn Jockey Club, Bright-
on Beach Racing Association and Coney
Island Jockey Club.

That this year the money has been more
evenly distributed than heretofore can be
judged from the fact that exactly 234 own-
ers—the odd four being of the fair sex—
have shared in this lump sum in amounts
ranging from \$25 up to \$38,700. Of course,
with a prospect of the former sum, few
would envy the owner his returns for a
season's labor and expenditure. But even
the \$38,700 to the credit of Marcus Daly, at

the head of this year's list, large as it may
seem, dwindles considerably when it is re-
membered what a large number of horses
the "Copper King" originally had in train-
ing and the forfeits, jockeys' and trainers'
salaries and other items of large expense
he had to pay.

The past season, as is well known, wit-
nessed the curtailment of many heretofore
valuable stables and this, coupled
with the fact that racing has not been car-
ried on so continuously as in former years,
is, of course, responsible for a decrease in
the financial outlay. To quote a random in-
stance, let us go back two years, when
David Gideon headed the list with more
than \$100,000 to his credit, when the Keene
Stable was second with \$84,403, the Man-
hattan Stable third with \$77,340, Byron
McCalland fourth with \$63,050, and the
Morris Stable fifth with \$62,243. Thus any
one of these captured more than the entire
sum to the credit of the leading owner of
1896.

What is particularly noticeable in a re-
spect of the season of 1896 is that not
one of the stables entitled to be styled
"big" had anything like the success that
the early Spring prospects would have jus-
tified one in predicting. Marcus Daly,
Blenheim Stable, Messrs. J. R. & F. F.
Keene, Messrs. A. H. & D. H. Morris,
J. P. Dwyer, P. J. Dwyer, Messrs.
Fleischmann & Son, the Brookland Stable,

etc., all have tales of woe to unfold, and
indeed, this has been the story all along the
line. Few, indeed, of the "big" stables
have not been doomed to disappointment,
either through the prevalent illness among
horses or from other sources of misfortune.
In the Spring the prospects for Marcus
Daly's string were considered exceptionally
bright. Senator Grady gave promise of
something approaching the brilliant form
of his two-year-old career. Great things
were expected from the three-year-olds Sil-
ver II, Del Paso II, Hamilton II, Rutte
and the ten picked two-year-olds brought
on from the Bitter Root and the Keene
of the two-year-olds that started proved any-
thing more than a second-rater. The three-
year-olds carried the stable colors in sev-
eral Spring events with but little success.
With the entire Spring ammunition wasted,
the stable was compelled to make a fresh
draft on the West and a second batch of
two-year-olds was brought on by John S.
Campbell, among them the brown colt Ogden,
by Kilwarlin-Oriele, a Futurity candi-
date, and a red yearling now known as
the bell sent Ogden to the post as "it as a nod-
dle" after his sojourn at Saratoga, accom-
panied by his stable mate, Scottish Chief.
The big event began with the starter sent
the field of ten on their journey, the West-
ern delegation bet and bet and bet and
would probably be betting yet if the races
were not over. And when Ogden flashed
by the winning post first, with the favorite,
Ornament, second, many persons grew wild
in their enthusiasm. But the stable had
merely made a memo on his cuff that
Ogden had won for Marcus Daly the sum
of \$43,700. Several weeks later, in the
Flatbush Stakes, Ogden's sturdy hand-
some colt, on September 5 he made his
last Eastern appearance and redeemed
himself by beating Typhoon II, Voter
and others in the Green Eastern Handicap,
winning \$3,850 more. This brought his total
winings for his Eastern campaign up to
\$47,550.

The balance of the money to Marcus
Daly's credit was contributed through the
efforts of Hamilton II, Scottish Chief,
Cookemore, Marge D., and Devil II. But
it was one string that looked
stronger on paper than any other at the
opening of the campaign it was the Blen-
heim Stable, owned by David Gideon, which
began with; then Hastings, Margrave,
Keene, Doctan, Patrol, Refugee, Wood-
bine, Igurnar, Octagon, Don de Oro,
Golden Dream, Detection, Fidea, Friskal,
Blenheim, Banger, Gay, Tatanto,
Diversion, Kaitika, Folio, etc., etc.
But, although liberally engaged, and for
the most part highly tried, the Blenheim
two-year-olds by no means set the river
afire.

Henry of Navarre, too, fell sick, to-
gether with most of his stable, and his
season, very early in the season, but was
brought around and started in a race
at Saratoga, but he was not a success.
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Of the other horses Margrave, perhaps,
figures best, retiring with an unbeaten re-
cord, and five victories out of six starts.
He was a gallop for the handsome
horse, and his second and last appear-
ance in the arena was in the Suburban
Handicap, when his easy victory over the
Commodore and Clifford will be remem-
bered. Henry of Navarre's net earnings
for the year were \$6,235.

The biggest bread-winner of the entire
Blenheim string was the two-year-old colt,
Don de Oro, who started out like a world
beater, but quickly faded out. He has
won \$12,883 out of the \$57,470 to the credit
of the stable.

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With M. F. Dwyer's stable again comes a
"disappointing story," although at that his
luck has been by no means altogether bad.
When he came from the West with his new
purchases, in addition to his old standbys,
there arose the cry, "Clear the way!" But
the way was well blocked until the back
end of the season, Ben Brush, Ben Eder
and Lady Inez scoring but little, while
Suisun, Cleopatra, Harry Reed and Tom
Cromwell were left to fight it. This quartet
did nobly, however, and landed the famous
turkman fourth on the list.

The Friar has been the principal bread-
winner of the Morris Stable, having started
twenty times, won six races, been second
three times and third four times. He won
\$12,480 of the \$31,215 to the credit of the
"all scarlet." Prompt, Dr. Macbride, Des-
cepla and Formal were the other winners
from this stable.

The Brookland Stable shows another re-
cord of disaster, however, even the crack three-
year-old, Reginald, not being suffered to go
into retirement unbeaten. It is to him, how-
ever, that the stable owes its greatest win-
nings, his four victories, including the Rich
Realization, and his second to Captive, in
the September Stakes, at Sheepshead Bay,
bringing the sum of \$4,100 to the credit of
the stable. The two-year-olds, Harkness,
and Lady Louise, were the other winners
from this stable.

Messrs. J. R. & F. F. Keene started the
season with the following two-year-olds all
well engaged in stake events, and nearly all
highly tried: Voter, Rhodesia, Royal Rose,
Princess Flavia, Virginia Water, Octagon,
Rout, Dr. Jim, St. Cloud, Flash-in-the-Pan,
Academy, Regulator, St. Roque, Spanker,
Tripping, Fair Recluse, Fairy, Victor, Hor-
nup, Calico, Ben Bonard and Flying Soun-
der. Voter, Rhodesia, Regulator and Royal
Rose were easily the best performers of the
lot, although Rhodesia has improved since
the start this year. Burlesque being his only
other standbys.

From this point the list dwindles down
to the \$25 colt, although thirty-three oth-
ers are represented between the \$5,000 and
\$15,000 marks. To this last mentioned batch
the credit of carrying the most winning
lot is to be awarded, the bulk of their win-
ings being captured through selling races
and with-let us hope—selling places.

With P. J. Dwyer and Matt Byrnes the
list of \$20,000 and upward is exhausted.
The former, with Handspiegel, Passover,
Long Bench and Declare, got \$20,220, and
the latter, with the two-year-olds, George
Keener, Salvado, Saluk, Star, Bonfire
and Pearl V., \$20,405. C. T. Patterson can
thank his crack colt Ornament for the
major portion of the \$18,330 he has won
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other standbys.

From this point the list dwindles down
to the \$25 colt, although thirty-three oth-
ers are represented between the \$5,000 and
\$15,000 marks. To this last mentioned batch
the credit of carrying the most winning
lot is to be awarded, the bulk of their win-
ings being captured through selling races
and with-let us hope—selling places.

With P. J. Dwyer and Matt Byrnes the
list of \$20,000 and upward is exhausted.
The former, with Handspiegel, Passover,
Long Bench and Declare, got \$20,220, and
the latter, with the two-year-olds, George
Keener, Salvado, Saluk, Star, Bonfire
and Pearl V., \$20,405. C. T. Patterson can
thank his crack colt Ornament for the